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The Troublesome Reign of

John, King of England

Part I. 1591.

Date of the first known edition, ... 1591
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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Troublesome Reign of

John, King of England

Part I. 1591

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXI

Troubleſome Raigne

of *Iohn* King of *England*, with the diſcouerie of *King* Richard Cordelions Baſe ſonne (vulgarly named, The Baſtard Fawconbridge): *alſo the* death of King *Iohn* at *Swinſtead Abbey*.

As it Was (ſundry times) publikely acted by the Queenes Maieſties Players, in the honourable Citie of London.

Imprinted at London for *Sampſon Clarke*, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop, on the backeſide of the *Royall Exchange*.

1591.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

YOu that with friendly grace of ſmoothed brow
Haue entertaind the Scythian Tamburlaine,
And giuen applauſe vnto an Infidel:
Vouchſafe to welcome (with like curteſie)
A warlike Chriſtian and your Countreyman.
For Chriſts true faith indur'd he many a ſtorme,
And ſet himſelfe againſt the Man of Rome,
Vntill baſe treaſon (by a damned wight)
Did all his former triumphs put to flight,
Accept of it (ſweete Gentles) in good ſort,
And thinke it was prepar'de for your diſport.

The troubleſome Raigne of *King Iohn.*

Enter K. *Iohn*, Queene *Elinor* his mother, *William Marſhal* Earle of *Pembrooke*, the Earles of *Eſſex*, and of *Salisbury*.

Queene Elianor.

BArons of *England*, and my noble Lords;
Though God and Fortune haue bereft from vs
Victorious *Richard* ſcourge of Infidels,
And clad this Land in ſtole of diſmall hew:
Yet giue me leaue to ioy, and ioy you all,
That from this wombe hath ſpring a ſecond hope,
A King that may in rule and vertue both
Succæde his brother in his Empirie.

K. Iohn My gracious mother Queene, and Barons all:
Though farre vnworthie of ſo high a place,
As is the Throne of mightie *Englands* King:
Yet *Iohn* your Lord, contented vncontent,
Will (as he may) ſuſtaine the heauie poke
Of preſſing cares, that hang vpon a Crowne.
My Lord of *Pembrooke* and Lord *Salsbury*,
Admit the Lord *Shatillion* to our preſence;
That we may know what *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
(By his Ambaſſadors) requires of vs.

Q. Elinor Dare lay my hand that *Elinor* can geſſe
Whereto this weightie Embaſſade doth tend:
If of my Nephew *Arthur* and his claime,
Then ſay my Sonne I haue not miſt my aime.

Enter *Chattilion* and the two Earles.

Iohn By Lord *Chattilion*, welcome into *England*:
How fares our Brother *Philip* King of *Fraunce*?

Chatt. His Highnes at my comming was in health,
And wild me to salute your Maiestie,
And say the message he hath giuen in charge.

Iohn And spare not man, we are prepard to heare.

Chattilion *Philip* by the grace of God most Christian K. of *France*, hauing taken into his guardain and protection *Arthur* Duke of *Brittaine*, son & heire to *Ieffrey* thine elder brother, requireth in the behalfe of the said *Arthur*, the Kingdom of *England*, with the Lordship of *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*: and I attend thine answere.

Iohn A small request: belike he makes account
That *England*, *Ireland*, *Poiters*, *Aniow*, *Torain*, *Main*,
Are nothing for a King to giue at once:
I wonder what he meanes to leaue for me.
Tell *Philip*, he may keepe his Lords at home,
With greater honour than to send them thus
On Embassades that not concerne himselfe,
Or if they do, would yeeld but small returne.

Chatilon Is this thine answere?

Iohn It is, and too good an answer for so proud a message.

Chattilion Then King of *England*, in my Masters name,
And in Prince *Arthur* Duke of *Britaines* name,
I doo defie thee as an Enemie,
And with thee to prepare for bloodie warres.

Q. Elinor My Lord (that stands vpon defiance thus)
Commend me to my Nephew, tell the boy,
That I Queene *Elianor* (his Grandmother)
Vpon my blessing charge him leaue his Armes,
Whereto his head-strong Mother pricks him so:
Her pride we know, and know her for a Dame
That will not sticke to bring him to his end,
So she may bring her selfe to rule a Realme.
Next with him to forsake the King of *Fraunce*,

And

And come to me and to his Princely grace,
And he shall want for nothing at our hands.

Chattilion. This shall I doo, and thus I take my leaue.

Iohn Pembrooke, conuay him safely to the sea,
But not in hast: for as we are aduisde,
We meane to be in *Fraunce* as soone as he,
To fortefie such townes as we possesse
In *Anion*, *Torain* and in *Normandy*. Exit *Chatt.*

Enter the Shriue, & whispers the Earle of *Salf* in the eare.

Salisbury. Please it your Maiestie, heere is the Shriue of *Northhamptonshire*, with certaine persons that of late committed a riot, and haue appeald to your Maiestie beseeching your Highnes for speciall cause to heare them.

Iohn Will them come neere, and while we heare the cause,
Goe *Salsbury* and make prouision,
We meane with speede to passe the sea to *Fraunce*.
Say Shriene, what are these men, what haue they done?
Or whereto tends the course of this appeale?

Shrieue Please it your Maiestie these two brethren vnnaturally falling at odds about their Fathers liuing haue broken your Highnes peace, in seeking to right their own wrongs without cause of Law, or order of Iustice, and vnlawfully assembled themselues in mutinous manner, hauing committed a riot, appealing from triall in their Countrey to your Highnes: and here I *Thomas Nidigate*. Shriene of *Northhamptonshire*, do deliuer them ouer to their triall.

Iohn My Lord of *Essex*, will the offenders to stand foorth, and tell the cause of their quarrell.

Essex Gentlemen, it is the Kings pleasure that you discouer your griefes, & doubt not but you shall haue iustice.

Philip Please it your Maiestie, the wrong is mine; yet will I abide all wrongs, before I once open my mouth, to vnripp the shamefull slaunder of my parents, the dishonour of myself, & the wicked dealing of my brother in this princely assembly.

Robert Then by my Prince his leaue shall *Robert* speake,
And tell your Maiestie what right I haue

To

To offer wrong, as he at vniuerſall wrong.
My Father (not vnknowen vnto your Grace)
Receiued his ſpurres of Knighthood in the Field,
At Kingly *Richards* hands in *Paleſtine*,
When as the walls of *Acon* gaue him way:
His name Sir *Robert Fauconbridge* of *Monmbery*.
What by ſucceſſion from his Anceſtours,
And warlike ſeruice vnder *Englands* Armes,
His liuing did amount to at his death
Two thouſand Markes reuenew euery yeare:
And this (my Lord) I challenge for my right,
As lawfull heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*.
Philip If firſt-borne ſonne be heire indubitate
By certaine right of *Englands* auncient Lawe,
How ſhould myſelfe make any other doubt,
But I am heire to *Robert Fauconbridge*?
John Fond Youth, to trouble theſe our Princely eares
Or make a queſtion in ſo plaine a caſe:
Speake, is this man thine elder Brother borne?
Robert Pleaſe it your Grace with patience for to heare;
I not denie but he mine Elder is,
Mine elder Brother too: yet in ſuch ſort,
As he can make no title to the Land.
Iohn A doubtfull tale as euer I did heare,
Thy Brother and thine elder, and no heire:
Explaine this darke *Ænigma*.
Robert I graunt (my Lord) he is my mothers ſonne,
Baſe borne, and baſe begot, no *Fauconbridge*.
Indeede the world reputes him lawfull heire,
My Father in his life did count him ſo,
And here my Mother ſtands to prooue him ſo:
But I (my Lord) can prooue, and doo auerre
Both to my Mothers ſhame and his reproach,
He is no heire, nor yet legitimate.
Then (gracious Lord) let *Fauconbridge* enioy
The liuing that belongs to *Fauconbridge*.

And let not him poſſeſſe anothers right.

Iohn Proue this, the land is thine by *Englands* law.

Q. Elianor Ungracious youth, to rip thy mothers ſhame,
The wombe from whence thou didſt thy being take,
All honeſt eares abhorre thy wickednes,
But gold I ſee doth beate downe natures law.

Mother. My gracious Lord, & you thrice reuerend Dame,
That ſee the teares diſtilling from mine eyes,
And ſcalding ſighes blowne from a rented heart:
For honour and regard of womanhood,
Let me entreate to be commaunded hence.
Let not theſe eares receiue the hiſſing ſound
Of ſuch a viper, who with poyſoned words
Doth maſſerate the bowels of my ſoule.

Iohn Ladie, ſtand vp, be patient for a while:
And fellow, ſay, whoſe baſtard is thy brother.

Philip Not for my ſelfe, nor for my mother now:
But for the honour of ſo braue a Man,
Whom he accuſeth with adulterie:
Here I beſeech your Graee vpon my knees,
To count him mad, and ſo diſmiſſe vs hence.

Robert Nor mad, nor mazde, but well aduiſed, I
Charge thee before this royall preſence here
To be a Baſtard to King *Richards* ſelf,
Sonne to your Grace, and Brother to your Maieſtie.
Thus bluntly, and

Elianor Yong man thou néedſt not be aſhamed of thy kin,
Nor of thy Sire. But forward with thy proofe.

Robert The proofe ſo plaine, the argument ſo ſtrong,
As that your Highnes and theſe noble Lords,
And all (ſaue thoſe that haue no eyes to ſee)
Shall ſweare him to be Baſtard to the King.
Firſt when my Father was Embaſſadour
In *Germanie* vnto the Emperour,
The King lay often at my Fathers houſe;
And all the Realme ſuſpected what befell:

And at my Fathers back returne agen
My Mother was deliuered as tis ſed,
Sixe weekes before the account my Father made,
But more than this: looke but on *Philips* face,
His features, actions, and his lineaments,
And all this Princely preſence ſhall confeſſe,
He is no other but King *Richards* Sonne.
Then gracious Lord, reſt he King *Richards* Sonne,
And let me reſt ſafe in my Fathers right,
That am his rightfull ſonne and onely heire.
Iohn Is this thy proofe, and all thou haſt to ſay?
Robert I haue no more, nor neede I greater proofe.
Iohn Firſt, where thou ſaidſt in abſence of thy Sire
My Brother often lodged in his houſe:
And what of that? baſe groome to ſlander him,
That honoured his Embaſſador ſo much,
In abſence of the man to cheere the wife?
This will not hold, proceede vnto the next.
Q Elinor Thou ſaidſt ſhe teemde ſix weeks before her time.
Why good Sir Squire are you ſo cunning growen
To make account of womens reckonings:
Spit in your hand and to your other proofes:
Many miſchaunces hap in ſuch affaires
To make a woman come before her time.
Iohn And where thou ſaiſt he looketh like the King
In action, feature and proportion:
Therein I holde with thee, for in my life
I neuer ſaw ſo liuely counterfet
Of *Richard Cordelion*, as in him.
Robert Then good my Lord, be you indifferent Iudge,
And let me haue my liuing and my right.
Q Elinor May heare you Sir, you runne away too faſt:
Know you not, *Omne ſimile non eſt idem?*
Or haue read in. Harke ye good ſir,
Twas thus I warrant, and no otherwiſe,
She lay with Sir *Robert* your Father, and thought vppon
King

King *Richard* my Sonne, and ſo your Brother was ſlaine in this faſhion.

Robert Madame, you wrong me thus to ieſt it out,
I craue my right: King *Iohn* as thou art King.
So be thou iuſt, and let me haue my right.

Iohn Why (fooliſh boy) thy proofes are friuolous,
Nor canſt thou chalenge any thing thereby.
But thou ſhalt ſee how I will helpe thy claime,
This is my doome, and this my doome ſhall ſtand
Irreuocable, as I am King of *England*.
For thou knowſt not, weele aſke of them that know,
His mother and himſelfe ſhall ende this ſtrife:
And as they ſay, ſo ſhall thy liuing paſſe.

Robert My Lord, herein I chalenge you of wrong,
To giue away my right, and put the doome
Vnto themſelues. Can there be likelihood
That ſhe will looſe?
Or he will giue the liuing from himſelfe?
It may not be my Lord. Why ſhould it be?

Iohn Lords keepe him back, and let him heare the doome.
Eſſex, firſt aſke the Mother thrice who was his Sire?

Eſſex Ladie *Margaret* Widow of *Fauconbridge*,
Who was Father to thy Sonne *Philip*?

Mother Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Robert This is right, aſke my fellow there if I be a thiefe.

Iohn Aſke *Philip* whoſe Sonne he is.

Eſſex *Philip*, who was thy Father?

Philip Marry my Lord, and thats a queſtion: and you had not taken ſome paines with her before, I ſhould haue deſired you to aſke my Mother.

Iohn Say who was thy Father?

Philip Faith (my Lord) to anſwere you ſure he is my father that was neereſt my mother when I was gotten, & him I thinke to be Sir *Robert Fauconbridge*.

Iohn *Eſſex*, for faſhions ſake demaund agen,
And ſo an ende to this contention.

Robert Was euer man thus wrongd as *Robert* is?
Essex *Philip* speake I say, who was thy Father?
John Yong man how now, what art thou in a traunce?
Elianor *Philip* awake, the man is in a dreame.
Philip *Philippus atauis edite Regibus.*
What saist thou *Philip*, sprung of auncient Kings?
Quo me rapit tempestas?
What winde of honour blowes this furie forth?
Or whence proceede these fumes of Maiestie?
Me thinkes I heare a hollow Eccho sound,
That *Philip* is the Sonne vnto a King:
The whistling leaues vpon the trembling trees,
Whistle in consort I am *Richards* Sonne:
The bubling murmur of the waters fall,
Records *Philippus Regius filius:*
Birds in their flight make musicke with their wings,
Filling the ayre with glorie of my birth:
Birds, bubbles, leaues, and mountaines, Eccho, all
Ring in mine eares, that I am *Richards* Sonne.
Fond man, ah whether art thou carried?
How are thy thoughts pwrapt in Honors heauen?
Forgetfull what thou art, and whence thou camst.
Thy Fathers land cannot maintaine these thoughts,
These thoughts are farre vnfitting *Fauconbridge:*
And well they may; for why this mounting minde
Doth soare too high to stoupe to *Fauconbridge.*
Why how now? knowest thou where thou art?
And knowest thou who expects thine answere here?
Wilt thou vpon a frantick madding vaine
Goe loose thy land, and say thy selfe base borne?
No, keepe thy land, though *Richard* were thy Sire,
What ere thou thinkst, say thou art *Fauconbridge.*
John Speake man, be sodaine, who thy Father was.
Philip Please it your Maiestie, Sir *Robert*
Philip, that *Fauconbridge* cleaues to thy iawes:
It will not out, I cannot for my life

Say

Say I am Sonne vnto a *Fauconbridge*.
Let land and liuing goe, tis honors fire
That makes me sweare King *Richard* was my Sire.
Base to a King addes title of more State,
Than Knights begotten, though legittimate.
Please it your Grace, I am King *Richards* Sonne.
Robert *Robert* reuiue thy heart, let sorrow die,
His faltring tongue not suffers him to lie.
Mother What head-strong furie doth enchaunt my sonne?
Philip *Philip* cannot repent, for he hath done.
Iohn Then *Philip* blame not me, thy selfe hast lost
By wilfulnesse, thy liuing and thy land.
Robert, thou art the heire of *Fauconbridge*,
God giue thee ioy, greater than thy desert.
Q Elianor Why how now *Philip*, giue away thine owne?
Philip Madame, I am bold to make my selfe your nephew,
The poorest kinsman that your Highnes hath:
And with this Prouerb gin the world anew,
Helpe hands, I haue no lands, honour is my desire;
Let *Philip* liue to shew himselfe worthie so great a Sire.
Elinor *Philip*, I think thou knewst thy Grandams minde:
But chære thée boy, I will not see thée want
As long as *Elinor* hath foote of land;
Henceforth thou shalt be taken for my sonne,
And waite on me and on thine Unckle heere,
Who shall giue honour to thy noble minde.
Iohn *Philip* kneele down, that thou maist throughly know
How much thy resolution pleaseth vs,
Rise vp Sir *Richard Plantaginet* K. *Richards* Sonne.
Phil. Graunt heauens that *Philip* once may shew himselfe
Worthie the honour of *Plantaginet*,
Or baselt glorie of a Bastards name.
Iohn Now Gentlemen, we will away to *France*,
To checke the pride of *Arthur* and his mates:
Essex, thou shalt be Ruler of my Realme,
And toward the maine charges of my warres,

Ile ceaze the lazie Abbey lubbers lands
Into my hands to pay my men of warre.
The Pope and Popelings shall not grease themselues
With golde and groates, that are the souldiers due.
Thus forward Lords, let our commaund be done,
And march we forward mightely to *Fraunce*. Exeunt.
Manet *Philip* and his Mother.

Philip Madame I beseech you deigne me so much leasure as the hearing of a matter that I long to impart to you.

Mother Whats the matter *Philip*. I thinke your sute in secret, tends to some money matter, which you suppose burns in the bottome of my chest.

Phil. No Madam, it is no such sute as to beg or borrow,
But such a sute, as might some other graue,
I would not now haue troubled you withall.

Mother A Gods name let vs heare it.

Philip Then Madame thus, your Ladiship sees well,
How that my scandall growes by meanes of you,
In that report hath rumord vp and downe,
I am a bastard, and no *Fauconbridge*.
This grose attaint so tilteth in my thoughts,
Maintaining combat to abridge my ease,
That field and towne, and company alone,
Whatso I woo, or where soere I am,
I cannot chase the slaunder from thy thoughts.
If it be true, resolue me of my Sire,
For pardon Madame, if I thinke amisse.
Be *Philip Philip* and no *Fauconbridge*,
His Father doubtles was as braue a man.
To you on knees as sometime *Phaeton*,
Mistrusting silly *Merop* for his Sire,
Strayning a little bashfull modestie,
I beg some instance whence I am extraught.

Mother Yet more adoo to haste me to my graue,
And wilt thou too become a Mothers crosse?
Must I accuse my selfe to close with you?

Slaun-

Slaunder myſelf to quiet your affects:
Thou mocuſt me *Philip* with this idle talke,
Which I remit, in hope this mood will die.
Philip Nay Ladie mother, heare me further yet,
For ſtrong conceipt driues dutie hence awhile:
Your huſband *Fauconbridge* was Father to that ſonne,
That carries marks of Nature like the Sire,
The ſonne that blotteth you with wedlocks breach,
And holds my right, as I recall in diſcent
From him whoſe forme was figured in his face.
Can Nature ſo diſſemble in her frame,
To make the one ſo like as like may be,
And in the other print no character
To chalenge any marke of true diſcent?
My brothers minde is baſe, and too too dull,
To mount where *Philip* lodgeth his affects,
And his externall graces that you view
(Though I report it) counterpoiſe not mine:
His conſtitution plaine debilitie,
Requires the chayre, and mine the ſeate of ſteele.
Nay, what is he, or what am I to him?
When any one that knoweth how to carpe,
Will ſcarcely iudge vs both one Countrey borne.
This Madame, this, hath driue me from myſelfe:
And here by heauens eternall lampes I ſweare,
As curſed *Nero* with his mother did,
So I with you, if you reſolue me not.
Mother Let mothers teares quench out thy angers fire,
And vrge no further what thou dooſt require.
Philip Let ſonnes entreatie ſway the mother now,
Or elſe ſhe dies: Ile not infringe my vow.
Mother Unhappy taſke: muſt I recount my ſhame,
Blab my miſdeedes, or by concealing die?
Some power ſtrike me ſpeechleſſe for a time,
Or take from him awhile his hearings vſe.
Why wish I ſo, vnhappy as I am?

The

The fault is mine, and he the faultie frute,
I blush, I faint, oh would I might be mute.
Philip Mother be briefe, I long to know my name.
Mother And longing dye to shrowd thy Mothers shame.
Philip Come Madame come, you needs not be so loth,
The shame is shared equall twixt vs both.
Is't not a slacknes in me worthie blame,
To be so olde, and cannot write my name.
Good Mother resolue me.
Mother Then *Philip* heare thy fortune and my griefe,
My honours losse by purchase of thy selfe,
My shame, thy name, and husbands secret wrong,
All maimd and staind by youths unruly sway.
And when thou knowest from whence thou art extraught,
Or if thou knewst what sutes, what threates, what feares,
To moone by loue, or massacre by death.
To yeeld with loue, or end by loues contempt.
The mightines of him that courted me,
Who tempred terror with his wanton talke,
That something may extenuate the guilt.
But let it not aduantage me so much:
Upbraid me rather with the *Romane* Dame
That shed her blood to wash away her shame.
Why stand I to expostulate the crime
With *pro & contra*, now the déede is don,
When to conclude two words may tell the tale,
That *Philips* Father was a Princes Son,
Rich *Englands* rule, worlds onely terror hee,
For honours losse left me with childe of thee:
Whose Sonne thou art, then pardon me the rather,
For faire King *Richard* was thy noble Father.
Philip Then *Robin Fauconbridge* I wish thee ioy,
My Sire a King, and I a landles Boy.
Gods Ladie Mother, the world is in my debt,
There's something owing to *Plantaginet*.
I marrie Sir, let me alone for game,

Ile

Ile act ſome wonders now I know my name.
By bleſſed *Marie* Ile not ſell that pride
For *Englands* wealth, and all the world beſide.
Sit faſt the proudeſt of my Fathers foes,
Away good Mother, there the comfort goes. Exeunt.

Enter *Philip* the French King, and *Lewes*, *Limoges*, *Conſtance*, and her ſonne *Arthur*.

King Now gin we broach the title of thy claime
Yong *Arthur* in the *Albion* Territories,
Scaring proud *Angiers* with a puiſſant ſiedge:
Braue *Auſtria*, cauſe of *Cordelions* death,
Is alſo come to aide thee in thy warres;
And all our Forces ioyne for *Arthurs* right.
And, but for cauſes of great conſequence,
Pleading delay till newes from *England* come,
Twice ſhould not *Titan* hide him in the Weſt,
To coole the fet-locks of his wearie teame,
Till I had with an vnreſiſted ſhock
Controld the mannage of proud *Angiers* walls,
Or made a forfet of my fame to Chaunce.
Conſtance May be that *John* in conſcience or in feare
To offer wrong where you impugne the ill,
Will ſend ſuch calme conditions backe to *Fraunce*,
As ſhall rebate the edge of fearefull warres:
If ſo, forbearance is a deede well done.
Arthur Ah Mother, poſſeſſion of a Crowne is much,
And *Iohn* as I haue heard reported of,
For preſent vantage would aduenture farre.
The world can witnes in his Brothers time,
He tooke vpon him rule and almoſt raigne:
Then muſt it follow as a doubtfull poynt,
That hee'le reſigne the rule vnto his Nephew.
I rather thinke the menace of the world
Sounds in his eares as threats of no eſtéeme,

And sooner would he scorne *Europaes* power,
Than lose the smallest title he enioyes;
For questionles he is an Englishman.
Lewes Why are the English pereles in compare?
Braue Caualiers as ere that Iland bred,
Haue liude and dyde, and darde and doue inough,
Yet neuer graeue their Countrey for the cause:
England is *England*, yelding good and bad,
And *Iohn* of *England* is as other *Iohns*.
Trust me pong *Arthur*, if thou like my rede,
Praise thou the French that helpe thee in this neede.
Lymoges The Englishman hath little cause I trow,
To spend good speaches on so proud a foe.
Why *Arthur* heres his spoyle that now is gon,
Who when he liude outrounde his Brother *Iohn*:
But hallie curres that lie so long to catch,
Come halting home, and meete their ouermatch.
But newes comes now, heres the Embassadour.
Enter *Chattilion*.
K Philip And in good time, welcome my Lord *Chattilion*:
What newes? will *Iohn* accord to our commaund.
Chattilion Be I not briefe to tell your Highnes all,
He will approach to interrupt my tale:
For one selfe bottome brought vs both to *Fraunce*.
He on his part will try the chaunce of warre,
And if his words inferre assured truth,
Will loose himselfe and all his followers,
Ere yeld vnto the least of your demaunds.
The Mother Quéne she taketh on amaine
Gainst Ladie *Constance*, counting her the cause
That doth effect this claime to *Albion*,
Coniuring *Arthur* with a Grandames care,
To leaue his Mother; willing him submit
His state to *Iohn* and her protection,
Who (as she saith) are studious for his good:
More circumstance the season intercepts:

This

This is the ſumme, which briefly I haue ſhowne.
K. Phil. This bitter winde muſt nip ſome bodies ſpring,
Sodaine and haſtie, why ſo, tis harueſt weather.
But ſay *Chattilion*, what perſons of accompt are with him?
Chattilion Of *England* Earle *Pembrooke* and *Salsbury*,
The onely noted men of any name,
Next them a Baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
A hardy wilde head, tough and venturous,
With many other men of high reſolue.
Then is there with them *Elinor* Mother Queene,
And *Blanch* her Neece daughter to the King of *Spaine*:
Theſe are the prime Birds of this hot aduenture.
Enter *Iohn* & his followers, Queene, Baſtard, Earles, &c.
K. Philip Me ſeemeth *Iohn* an ouer-daring ſpirit
Effects ſome frenzie in thy raſh approach,
Treading my Confines with thy armed Troupes.
I rather looke for ſome ſubmiſſe reply
Touching the claime thy Nephew *Arthur* makes
To that which thou vniuſtly doſt vſurpe.
K Iohn For that *Chattilion* can diſcharge you all,
I liſt not plead my Title with my tongue.
Nor came I hether with intent of wrong
To *Fraunce* or thee, or any right of thine;
But in defence and purchaſe of my right,
The Towne of *Angiers*: which thou doſt begirt
In the behalfe of Ladie *Conſtance* Sonne,
Whereto nor he nor ſhe can lay iuſt claime.
Conſtance Yes (falſe intruder) if that iuſt be iuſt,
And headſtrong vſurpation put apart,
Arthur my Sonne, heire to thy elder Brother,
Without ambiguous ſhadow of diſcent,
Is Soueraigne to the ſubſtance thou withholdſt.
Q. Elinor Miſgouernd Goſſip, claime to this reſort,
Occaſion of theſe vndecided iarres,
I ſay (that know) to check thy vaine ſuppoſe,
Thy Sonne hath naught to do with that he claymes.

For proofe whereof, I can inferre a Will,
That barres the way he vrgeth by diſcent.
Conſtance A Will indeede, a crabbed Womans will,
Wherein the Diuell is an ouerſeer,
And proud dame *Elnor* ſole Executreſſe:
More wills than ſo, on perill of my ſoule,
Were neuer made to hinder *Arthurs* right.
Arthur But ſay there was, as ſure there can be none,
The law intends ſuch teſtaments as voyd,
Where right diſcent can no way be impeacht.
Q. Elinor Peace *Arthur* peace, thy mother makes thee wings
To ſoare with perill after *Icarus*,
And truſt me pongling for the Fathers ſake,
I pitie much the hazard of thy youth.
Conſtance Beſhrew you els how pitifull you are,
Readie to weepe to heare him aſke his owne;
Sorrow betide ſuch Grandames and ſuch griefe,
That miniſter a poyſon for pure loue.
But who ſo blinde, as cannot ſée this beame,
That you forſooth would kéepe your couſin downe,
For feare his Mother ſhould be vide too well?
I there's the griefe, confuſion catch the braine,
That hammers ſhifts to ſtop a Princes raigne.
Q. Elianor Impatient, frantike, common ſlanderer,
Immodeſt Dame, vnnurtred quarreller,
I tell thée I, not enuie to thy Son,
But iuſtice makes me ſpeake as I haue don.
K. Philip But heres no proofe that ſhowes your ſon a King.
K. Iohn. What wants, my ſword ſhal more at large ſet down.
Lewes But that may breake before the truth be knowne.
Baſtard Then this may hold till all his right be ſhowne.
Lymoges Good words ſir ſauce, your betters are in place.
Baſtard Not you ſir doughtie with your Lions caſe.
Blanch Ah ioy betide his ſoule, to whom that ſpoile belõgs
Ah *Richard* how thy glorie here is wrongd.
Lymoges Me thinkes that *Richards* pride, & *Richards* fall,

Should

Should be a preſident t'affright you all.

Baſtard What words are theſe? how doo my ſinews ſhake?
My Fathers foe clad in my Fathers ſpoyle,
A thouſand furies kindle with reuendge,
This hart that choller keepes a conſiſtorie,
Scaring my inwards with a brand of hate:
How doth *Alecto* whiſper in mine eares?
Delay not *Philip*, kill the villaine ſtraight,
Diſrobe him of the matchles moniment
Thy Fathers triumph oze the Sauages,
Baſe heardgroome, coward, peaſant, worſe than a threſhing
ſlaue,
What makſt thou with the Trophei of a King?
Shamſt thou not copſtrell, loathſome dunghill ſwad,
To grace thy carkaſſe with an ornament
Too precious for a Monarchs couerture?
Scarce can I temper due obedience
Unto the preſence of my Soueraigne,
From acting outrage on this trunke of hate:
But arme thee traytor, wronger of renowme.
For by his ſoule I ſweare, my Fathers ſoule,
Twice will I not review the Mornings riſe,
Till I haue torne that Trophei from thy back,
And ſplit thy heart, for wearing it ſo long.
Philip hath ſworne, and if it be not done,
Let not the world repute me *Richards* Sonne.

Lymoges Nay ſoft ſir Baſtard, harts are not ſplit ſo ſoone,
Let them reioyce that at the ende doo win:
And take this leſſon at thy foemans hand,
Pawne not thy life, to get thy Fathers ſkin.

Blanch Well may the world ſpeake of his knightly valor,
That winnes this hide to weare a Ladies fauour.

Baſtard Ill may I thriue, and nothing brooke with mee,
If ſhortly I preſent it not to thee.

K. Philip Lordings forbeare, for time is comming faſt,
That deedes may trie what words cannot determine,

And to the purpoſe for the cauſe you come.
We ſeemes you ſet right in chaunce of warre,
Yeelding no other reaſons for your claime,
But ſo and ſo, becauſe it ſhall be ſo.
So wrong ſhalbe ſuborned by truſt of ſtrength:
A Tyrants practize to inueſt himſelfe,
Where weake reſiſtance giueth wrong the way.
To check the which, in holy lawfull Armes,
I in the right of *Arthur Geffreys* Sonne,
Am come before this Citie of *Angiers*,
To barre all other falſe ſuppoſed clayme,
From whence or howſoeere the error ſpringe.
And in his quarrell on my Princely word,
Ile fight it out vnto the lateſt man.

Iohn Know King of *Fraunce*, I will not be commaunded
By any power or Prince in Chriſtendome,
To yeeld an inſtance how I hold mine owne,
More than to anſwere, that mine owne is mine.
But wilt thou ſee me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me alleageance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liege men ought.

K. Philip Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I ſee it, and when I ſee it Ile ſoone change it.

They ſummon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. Iohn You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall Subiects, I haue ſummoned you to the walls: to diſpute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perſwaded you are not. In few words, our Brothers Sonne, backt with the King of *Fraunce*, haue beleagred your Towne vpon a falſe pretended title to the ſame: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Vſurper, to free your intended ſeruitude, and vtterly to ſupplant the formen, to my right & your reſt. Say then, who who keepe you the Towne for?

Citizen For our lawfull King.

Iohn

John I was no leſſe perſwaded: then in Gods name open your gates, and let me enter.

Citizen And it pleaſe your Highnes we comptroll not your title, neither will we raſhly admit your entrance: if you bee lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vſe, if not King, our raſhnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more conſiderate triall; we anſwere not as men lawles, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Iohn I ſhall not come in then?

Citizen No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Philip Then heare me ſpeake in the behalfe of *Arthur* Sonne of *Geffrey* elder Brother to *Iohn*, his title manifeſt without contradiction to the Crowne and Kingdome of *England*, with *Angiers* and diuers Townes on this ſide the ſea: will you acknowledge him your liege Lord, who ſpeaketh in my word to intertaine you with all fauours as beſeemeth a King to his ſubiects, or a friend to his wel-willers: or ſtand to the perill of your contempt, when his title is prooued by the ſword.

Citizen We anſwere as before till you haue prooued one right, we acknowledge none right, he that tries himſelfe our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme ſubiects, and for him, and in his right we hold our Towne as deſirous to know the truth as loath to ſubſcribe before we knowe: More than this we cannot ſay, and more than this we dare not doo.

K. Philip Then *Iohn* I deſie thee in the name and behalfe of *Arthur Plantaginet* thy King and couſin, whoſe right and patrimonie thou deteineſt, as I doubt not ere the day ende in a ſet battell make thee confeſſe; whereunto with a zeale to right I challenge thee.

K. Iohn I accept the challenge, and turne the defiance to thy throate.

Excurſions. The Baſtard chaſeth *Lymoges* the Auſtrich Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons skinne.

Ba-

Baſtard And art thou gone, miſfortune haunt thy ſteps,
And chill colde feare aſſaile thy times of reſt.
Morpheus leaue here thy ſilent Eban caue,
Beſiedge his thoughts with diſmall fantaſies,
And ghaſtly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with fearne lookes,
Let ſhadowe temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madnes let him feare purſute,
And ſo in frenzie let the peaſant die.
Here is the ranſome that allayes his rage,
The firſt freehold that *Richard* left his ſonne:
With which I ſhall ſurpyize his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* ſtatue did the fainting *Greekes*. Exit.

Enter the Kings Herolds with Trumpets to the wals of *Angiers*: they ſummon the Towne.

Eng. Herold *Iohn* by the grace of God King of *England*, Lord of *Ireland*, *Anion*, *Toraine*, *&c.* demaundeth once againe of you his ſubiects of *Angiers*, if you will quietly ſurrender vp the Towne into his hands:

Fr. Herold *Philip* by the grace of God King of *Fraunce*, demaundeth in the behalfe of *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*, if you will ſurrender vp the Towne into his hands, to the vſe of the ſaid *Arthur*.

Citizens Herrolds goe tell the two victorious Princes, that we the poore Inhabitants of *Angiers*, require a parle of their Maieſties.

Herolds We goe.

Enter the Kings, Queene *Elianor*, *Blaunch*, *Baſtard*, *Lymoges*, *Lewes*, *Caſtilean*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, *Conſtance*, and *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*.

Iohn Herold, what anſwere doo the Townſmen ſend?

Philip

Philip Will *Angiers* yéeld to *Philip* King of *Fraunce*,
En. Her. The Townſmen on the wals accept your Grace.
Fr. Her. And craue a parley of your Maieſtie.
Iohn You Citizens of *Angiers*, haue your eyes
Beheld the ſlaughter that our Engliſh bowes
Haue made vpon the coward trawdfull French?
And haue ye wiſely pondred therewithall
Your gaine in yeelding to the Engliſh King?
Philip Their loſſe in yéelding to the Engliſh King.
But *Iohn*, they ſaw from out their higheſt Towers
The Cheualiers of *Fraunce* and croſſebow ſhot
Make lanes of ſlaughtred bodies through thine hoaſt,
And are reſolude to yéelde to *Arthurs* right.
Iohn Why *Philip*, though thou braueſt it fore the walls,
Thy conſcience knowes that *Iohn* hath wonne the field.
Philip What ere my conſcience knows, thy Armie feeles
That *Philip* had the better of the day.
Baſtard Philip Indéede hath got the Lyons eaſe,
Which here he holds to *Lymoges* diſgrace.
Baſe Duke to flye and leaue ſuch ſpoyles behinde:
But this thou knewſt of force to make mée ſtay.
It farde with thée as with the marriner,
Spying the hugie Whale, whoſe monſtrous bulke
Doth beare the waues like mountaines fore the winde,
That throwes out emptie veſſells, ſo to ſtay
His furie, while the ſhip doth ſaile away.
Philip tis thine: and fore this Princely preſence,
Madame I humbly lay it at your feete,
Being the firſt aduenture I atchieued,
And firſt exployt your Grace did enioyne:
Yet many more I long to be enioynd.
Blaunch Philip I take it, and I thee commaund
To weare the ſame as earſt thy Father did:
Therewith receiue this fauour at my hands,
T'incourage thee to follow *Richards* fame.
Arthur Ye Citizens of *Angiers*, are ye mute?

Arthur or *Iohn*, say which shall be your King?

Citizen We care not which, if once we knew the right,
But till we know we will not yeeld our right.

Bastard Might *Philip* counsell two so mightie Kings,
As are the Kings of *England* and of *Fraunce*,
He would aduise your Graces to vnite
And knit your forces gainst these Citizens,
Pulling their battered walls about their eares.
The Towne once wonne then striue about the claime,
For they are minded to delude you both.

Citizen Kings, Princes, Lords & Knights assembled here,
The Citizens of *Angiers* all by me
Entreate your Maiestie to heare them speake:
And as you like the motion they shall make,
So to account and follow their aduice.

Iohn. Philip. Speake on, we giue thee leaue.

Citizen Then thus: whereas that yong & lustie knight
Incites you on to knit your kingly strengths:
The motion cannot choose but pleake the good,
And such as loue the quiet of the State.
But how my Lords, how should your strengths be knit?
Not to oppresse your subiects and your friends,
And fill the world with brawles and mutinies:
But vnto peace your forces should be knit
To liue in Princely league and amitie:
Do this, the gates of *Angiers* shall giue way
And stand wide open to your harts content.
To make this peace a lasting bond of loue,
Remains one onely honorable meanes,
Which by your pardon I shall here display.
Lewes the Dolphin and the heire of *Fraunce*,
A man of noted valor through the world,
Is yet vnmaried: let him take to wife
The beauteous daughter of the King of *Spaine*,
Neece to K. *Iohn*, the lonely Ladie *Blanche*,
Begotten on his Sister *Elianor*.

With her in marriage will her vncle giue
Caſtles and Towers as fitteth ſuch a match.
The Kings thus ioynd in league of perfect loue,
They may ſo deale with *Arthur* Duke of *Britaine*,
Who is but yong, and yet vnmeete to raigne,
As he ſhall ſtand contented euerie way.
Thus haue I boldly (for the common good)
Deliuered what the Citie gaue in charge.
And as vpon conditions you agree,
So ſhall we ſtand content to yeeld the Towne.
Arthur A proper peace, if ſuch a motion hold;
Theſe Kings beare armes for me, and for my right,
And they ſhall ſhare my lands to make them friends.
Q. Elianor Sonne *Iohn*, follow this motion, as thou loueſt thy mother,
Make league with *Philip*, yeeld to any thing:
Lewes ſhall haue my Neece, and then be ſure
Arthur ſhall haue ſmall ſuccour out of *Fraunce*.
Iohn Brother of *Fraunce*, you heare the Citizens:
Then tell me, how you meane to deale herein.
Conſtance Why *Iohn*, what canſt thou giue vnto thy Neece,
That hath no foote of land, but *Arthurs* right?
Lewes By Ladie Citizens, I like your choyce,
A louely Damſell is the Ladie *Blanche*,
Worthie the heire of *Europe* for her peere.
Conſtance What Kings, why ſtand you gazing in a trance?
Why how now Lords? accurſed Citizens
To fill and tickle their ambicious eares,
With hope of gaine, that ſpringe from *Arthurs* loſſe.
Some diſmall Plannet at thy birthday raigne,
For now I ſee the fall of all thy hopes.
K. Philip Ladie, and Duke of *Britaine*, know you both,
The King of *Fraunce* reſpects his honor more,
Than to betray his friends and fauourers.
Princeſſe of *Spaine*, could you affect my Sonne,
If we vpon conditions could agree?

Bastard Swounds Madam, take an English Gentleman:
Slaue as I was, I thought to haue mooude the match.
Grandame you made me halfe a promise once,
That Lady *Blanch* should bring me wealth inough,
And make me heire of store of English land.
Q. Elianor Peace *Philip*, I will looke thee out a wife,
We must with pollicie compound this strife.
Bastard If *Lewes* get her, well, I say no more:
But let the frolicke Frenchman take no scorne,
If *Philip* front him with an English horne.
Iohn Ladie, what answere make you to the King of *France*?
Can you affect the Dolphin for your Lord?
Blanch I thanke the King that likes of me so well,
To make me Bride vnto so great a Prince:
But giue me leaue my Lord to pause on this,
Least being too too forward in the cause,
It may be blemish to my modestie.
Q. Elinor Sonne *Iohn*, and worthie *Philip* K. of *Fraunce*,
Doo you confer awhile about the Dower,
And I will schoole my modest Neece so well,
That she shall yéeld assoone as you haue done.
Constance I, theres the wretch that broacheth all this ill,
Why flye I not vpon the Beldames face,
And with my nayles pull foorth her hatefull eyes.
Arthur Swéete Mother cease these hastie madding fits:
For my sake, let my Grandame haue her will.
O would she with her hands pull forth my heart,
I could affoord it to appease these broyles.
But mother let vs wisely winke at all:
Least farther harmes ensue our hastie speach.
Philip Brother of *England*, what dowrie wilt thou giue
Vnto my Sonne in marriage with thy Neece?
Iohn First *Philip* knowes her dowrie out of *Spaine*
To be so great as may content a King:
But more to mend and amplifie the same,
I giue in money thirtie thousand markes.

For

For land I leaue it to thine owne demaund.
Philip Then I demaund *Volqueſſon, Torain, Main,*
Poiters and *Anion*, theſe fiue Prouinces,
Which thou as King of *England* holdſt in *Fraunce*:
Then ſhall our peace be ſoone concluded on.
Baſtard No leſſe than fiue ſuch Prouinces at once?
Iohn Mother what ſhall I doo? my brother got theſe lands
With much effuſion of our Engliſh bloud:
And ſhall I giue it all away at once?
Q. Elinor *Iohn* giue it him, ſo ſhalt thou liue in peace,
And kæpe the reſidue ſanz ieopardie.
Ion Philip bring forth thy Sonne, here is my Neece,
And here in mariage I doo giue with her
From me and my Succeſſors Engliſh Kings,
Volqueſſon, Poiters, Anion, Torain, Main,
And thirtie thouſand markes of ſtipend coyne.
Now Citizens, how like you of this match?
Citizen We ioy to ſee ſo ſweete a peace begun.
Lewes *Lewes* with *Blanch* ſhall euer liue content.
But now King *Iohn*, what ſay you to the Duke?
Father, ſpeake as you may in his behalfe.
Philip K. *Iohn*, be good vnto thy Nephew here,
And giue him ſomewhat that ſhall pleaſe thee beſt.
Iohn *Arthur*, although thou troubleſt *Englands* peace:
Yet here I giue thee *Brittaine* for thine owne,
Together with the Earledome of *Richmont*,
And this rich Citie of *Angiers* withall.
Q. Elianor And if thou ſeeke to pleaſe thine Vnckle *Iohn*,
Shalt ſee my Sonne how I will make of thee.
Iohn Now euery thing is ſorted to this end,
Lets in and there prepare the mariage rytes,
Which in S. *Maries* Chappell preſently
Shalbe performed ere this Preſence part. Exeunt.

Manent *Conſtance & Arthur.*
Arthur Madam good cheere, theſe drouping languiſhmẽts

Adde no redreſſe to ſalue our awkward haps.
If heauens haue concluded theſe euents,
To ſmall auaile is bitter penſiuenes:
Seaſons will change, and ſo our preſent griefe
May change with them, and all to our reliefe.
Conſtance Ah boy, thy yeares I ſee are farre too greene
To looke into the bottome of theſe cares.
But I, who ſee the poyſe that weigheth downe
Thy weale, my wiſh, and all the willing meanes
Wherewith thy fortune and thy fame ſhould mount.
What ioy, what eaſe, what reſt can lodge in me,
With whom all hope and hap doth diſagree?
Arthur Yet Ladies teeres, and cares, and ſolemne ſhows,
Rather than helpes, heape vp more worke for woes.
Conſtance If any Power will heare a widdowes plaint,
That from a wounded ſoule implores reuenge;
Send fell contagion to infect this Clyme,
This curſed Countrey, where the traytors breath,
Whoſe periurie as prowd *Briareus*,
Beleaguers all the Skie with miſbeliefe.
He promiſt *Arthur*, and he ſware it too,
To fence thy right, and check thy foemans pride:
But now black-ſpotted Periure as he is,
He takes a truce with *Elnors* damned brat,
And marries *Lewes* to her louely Neece,
Sharing thy fortune, and thy birth-dayes gift
Betweene theſe louers: ill betide the match.
And as they ſhoulder thee from out thy owne,
And triumph in a widowes tearefull cares:
So heauens croſſe them with a thriftles courſe,
As all the bloud yſpilt on either part,
Cloſing the cranies of the thirſtie earth,
Growne to a louegame and a Bridall feaſt:
And muſt thy birthright bid the wedding banes?
Poore helples boy, hopeles and helples too,
To whom miſfortune ſeemes no yoke at all.

Thy

Thy ſtay, thy ſtate, thy imminent miſhaps
Woundeth thy mothers thoughts with feeling care,
Why lookſt thou pale? the colour flyes thy face,
I trouble now the fountaine of thy youth,
And make it moodie with my doles diſcourſe,
Goe in with me, reply not lonely boy,
We muſt obſcure this mone with melodie,
Leaſt worſer wrack enſue our malecontent. Exeunt.

Enter the King of *England*, the King of *Fraunce*, *Arthur*, *Baſtard*, *Lewes*, *Lymoges*, *Couſtance*, *Blanche*, *Chattilion*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisburie*, *and Elianor*.

Iohn This is the day, the long deſired day,
Wherein the Realmes of *England* and of *Fraunce*
Stand highly bleſſed in a laſting peace.
Thrice happie is the Bridegroome and the Bride,
From whoſe ſweete Bridale ſuch a concord ſpringe,
To make of mortall foes immortall friends.
Conſtance Ungodly peace made by an others warre.
Phillip Unhappie peace, that ties thee from reuenge.
Rouſe thée *Plantaginet*, liue not to ſee
The butcher of the great *Plantiginet*.
Kings, Princes, and ye Peeres of either Realmes,
Pardon my raſhnes, and forgiue the zeale
That caries me in furie to a deede
Of high deſert, of honour, and of armes.
A boone O Kings, a boone doth *Philip* beg
Proſtrate vpon his knee: which knee ſhall cleaue
Unto the ſuperficies of the earth,
Till *Fraunce* and *England* graunt this glorious boone.
Iohn Speake *Philip*, *England* graunts thee thy requeſt.
Philip And *Fraunce* confirmes what ere is in his power.
Baſtard Then Duke ſit faſt, I leuell at thy head,
Too baſe a ranſome for my fathers life,
Princes, I craue the Combat with the Duke

That

That braues it in diſhonor of my Sire.
Your words are paſt nor can you now reuerſe
The Princely promiſe that reuiues my ſoule,
Whereat me thinks I ſee his ſinnews ſhake:
This is the boon (dread Lords) which granted once
Or life or death are pleaſant to my ſoule;
Since I ſhall liue and die in *Richards* right.
Lymoges Baſe Baſtard, miſbegotten of a King,
To interrupt theſe holy nuptiall rytes
With brawles and tumults to a Dukes diſgrace:
Let it ſuffice, I ſcorne to ioyne in fight,
With one ſo farre vnequall to my ſelfe.
Baſtard A fine excuſe, Kings if you wilbe Kings,
Then keepe your words, and let vs combat it.
Iohn *Philip*, we cannot force the Duke to fight,
Being a ſubiect vnto neither Realme:
But tell me *Auſtria*, if an Engliſh Duke
Should dare thee thus, wouldſt thou accept the challendge?
Lymoges Els let the world account the *Auſtrich* Duke
The greateſt coward liuing on the Earth.
Iohn Then cheere thee *Philip*, *Iohn* will keepe his word,
Kneele downe, in ſight of *Philip* King of *Fraunce*
And all theſe Princely Lords aſſembled here,
I gird thee with the ſword of *Normandie*,
And of that land I doo inueſt thee Duke:
So ſhalt thou be in liuing and in land
Nothing inferiour vnto *Auſtria*.
Lymoges K. *Iohn*, I tell thee flatly to thy face
Thou wrongſt mine honour: and that thou maiſt ſee
How much I ſcorne thy new made Duke and thee,
I flatly ſay, I will not be compeld:
And ſo farewell Sir Duke of low degree,
Ile finde a time to match you for this geere. *Exit.*
Iohn Stay *Philip*, let him goe the honors thine.
Baſtard I cannot liue vnles his life be mine.
Q. Elianor Thy forwardnes this day hath ioyd my ſoule.

And

And made me thinke my *Richard* liues in thée.

K. Philip. Lordings lets in, and spend the wedding day
In maskes and triumphs, letting quarrells cease.

Enter a Cardynall from *Rome*.

Card. Stay King of *France*, I charge thee ioyn not hands
With him that stands accurst of God and men.
Know *Iohn*, that I *Pandulph* Cardinall of *Millaine*, and
Legate from the Sea of *Rome*, demaund of thee in the name
of our holy Father the Pope *Innocent*, why thou dost (contrarie to the lawes of our holy mother the Church, and our holye father the Pope) disturbe the quiet of the Church, and disanull the election of *Stephen Langhton*, whom his Holines hath elected Archbishop of *Canterburie*: this in his Holines name I demaund of thee?

Iohn And what hast thou or the Pope thy maister to doo to demaund of me, how I employ mine owne? Know sir Priest as I honour the Church and holy Churchmen, so I scorne to be subiect to the greatest Prelate in the world. Tell thy Maister so from me, and say, *Iohn* of *England* said it, that neuer an Italian Priest of them all, shall either haue tythe, tole, or poling penie out of *England*, but as I am King, so wil I raigne next vnder God, supreame head both ouer spirituall and temrall: and hee that contradicts me in this, Ile make him hoppe headlesse.

K. Philip What King *Iohn*, know you what you say, thus to blaspheme against our holy father the Pope.

Iohn Philip, though thou and all the Princes of Christendome suffer themselues to be abusde by a Prelates slauerie, my minde is not of such base temper. If the Pope will bee King in *England*, let him winne it with the sword, I know no other title he can alleage to mine inheritance.

Card. Iohn, this is thine answere?

Iohn What then?

Card. Then I *Pandulph* of *Padoa*, Legate from the Apo-

ſtolick Sea, doo in the name of S. *Peter* and his ſucceſſor our holy Father Pope *Innocent*, pronounce thee accurſed diſcharging euery of thy ſubiectes of all dutie and fealtie that they dw owe to thee, and pardon and forgiuenes of ſinne to thoſe of them whatſoeuer, which ſhall carrie armes againſt thee, or murder thee: this I pronounce, and charge all good men to abhorre thee as an excommunicate perſon.

Iohn So ſir, the more the Fox is curſt the better a farce: if God bleſſe me and my Land, let the Pope and his ſhauelings curſe and ſpare not.

Card. Furthermore I charge thée *Philip* King of *France*, and al the Kings and Princes of Chriſtendome, to make war vppon this miſcreant: and whereas thou haſt made a league with him, and confirmed it by oath, I doo in the name of our foreſaid father the Pope, acquit thée of that oath as vnlawful, being made with an heretike, how ſaiſt thou *Philip*, dooſt thou obey?

Iohn Brother of *Fraunce*, what ſay you to the Cardinall?

Philip I ſay, I am ſorrie for your Maieſtie, requeſting you to ſubmit your ſelfe to the Church of *Rome*.

Iohn And what ſay you to our league, if I doo not ſubmit?

Philip What ſhould I ſay? I muſt obey the Pope.

Iohn Obey the Pope, and breake your oath to God?

Philip The Legate hath abſolude me of mine oath:
Then yeeld to *Rome*, or I defie thee here.

Iohn Why *Philip*, I defie the Pope and thée,
Falſe as thou art; and periurde K. of *Fraunce*,
Unworthie man to be accompted King.
Giu'ſt thou thy ſword into a Prelates hands?
Pandulph, where I of Abbots, Monkes and Friers
Haue taken ſomewhat to maintaine my warres,
Now will I take no more but all they haue.
Ile rowze the lazie lubbers from their Cells,
And in deſpight Ile ſend them to the Pope.
Mother, come you with me, and for the reſt
Chaſtill not without *Iohn* in this attempt.

Confuſion light vpon their damned ſoules.
Come Lords, fight for your King that fighteth for your good?
Philip And are they gone? *Pandulph* thy ſelfe ſhalt ſee
How *Fraunce* will fight for *Rome* and *Romiſh* rytes.
Nobles, to armes, let him not paſſe the ſeas,
Lets take him captiue, and in triumph lead
The K. of *England* to the gates of *Rome*.
Arthur, beſtirre thee man, and thou ſhalt ſee
What *Philip* K. of *Fraunce* will doo for thee.
Blanche And will your Grace vpon your wedding day
Forſake your Bride and follow dreadfull drums?
Nay, good my Lord, ſtay you at home with mee.
Lewis Sweete heart content thée, and we ſhall agree.
Philip Follow me Lords, Lord Cardynall lead the way,
Drums ſhalbe muſique to this wedding day. Exeunt.

Excurſions. The Baſtard purſues *Auſtria*, and kills him.

Baſtard Thus hath K. *Richards* Sonne perfourmde his vowes.
And offred *Auſtrias* bloud for ſacrifice
Vnto his fathers euerliuing ſoule.
Braue *Cordelion*, now my heart doth ſay,
I haue deſerude, though not to be thy heire
Yet as I am, thy baſe begotten ſonne,
A name as pleaſing to thy *Philips* heart,
As to be cald the Duke of *Normandie*.
Lie there a pray to euery rauening fowle:
And as my Father triumpht in thy ſpoyles,
And trode thine Enſignes vnderneath his féete,
So doo I tread vpon thy curſed ſelfe,
And leaue thy bodie to the fowles for food. Exit.

Excurſions. *Arthur*, *Conſtance*, *Lewis*, hauing taken Q. *Elianor* priſoner.

Constance Thus hath the God of Kings with conquering arme
Dispearst the foes to true succession.
Proud, and disturber of thy Countreyes peace,
Constance doth liue to tame thine insolence,
And on thy head will now auenged be
For all the mischiefes hatched in thy braine.
Q Elinor Contemptuous dame vnreuent Dutches thou,
To braue so great a Queene as *Elianor*.
Base scolde hast thou forgot, that I was wife,
And mother to three mightie English Kings?
I charge thee then, and you forsoth sir Boy,
To set your Grandmother at libertie,
And yeeld to *Iohn* your Uncle and your King.
Constance Tis not thy words proud Queene shal carry it.
Elianor Nor yet thy threates proud Dame shal daunt my minde.
Arthur Sweete Grandame, and good Mother leaue these brawles.
Elianor Ile finde a time to triumph in thy fall.
Constance My time is now to triumph in thy fall.
And thou shalt know that *Constance* will triumph.
Arthur Good Mother weigh it is Queene *Elianor*,
Though she be captiue, vse her like herselfe.
Sweete Grandame beare with what my Mother sayes,
Your Highnes shalbe vsed honourably.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. *Lewes* my Lord, Duke *Arthur*, and the rest,
To armes in hast, K. *Iohn* relyes his men,
And ginnes the fight afresh: and sweares withall
To lose his life, or set his Mother free.
Lewes *Arthur* away, tis time to looke about.
Elianor Why how now dame, what is your courage cold?
Constance No *Elianor*, my courage gathers strength,

And hopes to lead both *Iohn* and thee as ſlaues:
And in that hope, I hale thee to the field. Exeunt.

Excurſions. *Elianor* is reſcued by *Iohn*, and *Arthur* is taken priſoner. *Exeunt.* Sound victorie.

Enter *Iohn*, *Elianor*, and *Arthur* Priſoner, *Baſtard*, *Pembrooke*, *Salisbury*, and *Hubert de Burgh*.

Iohn Thus right triumphs, and *Iohn* triumphs in right.
Arthur thou ſeeſt, *Fraunce* cannot bolſter thee:
Thy Mothers pride hath brought thee to this fall.
But if at laſt, Nephew thou yeeld thy ſelfe
Into the gardance of thine Uncle *Iohn*,
Thou ſhalt be vſed as becomes a Prince.
Arthur Uncle, my Grandame taught her Nephew this,
To beare captiuitie with patience.
Might hath preuayld not right, for I am King
Of *England*, though thou weare the Diadem.
Q. Elianor Sonne *Iohn*, ſoone ſhall we teach him to forget
Theſe proud preſumptions, and to know himſelfe.
Iohn Mother, he neuer will forget his claime,
I would he liude not to remember it.
But leauing this, we will to *England* now,
And take ſome order with our Popelings there,
That ſwell with pride, and fat of lay mens lands.
Philip. I make thee chiefe in this affaire,
Ranſack the Abbeys, Cloyſters, Priories,
Conuert their coyne vnto my ſouldiers vſe:
And whatſoere he be within my Land,
That goes to *Rome* for iuſtice and for law,
While he may haue his right within the Realme,
Let him be iudgde a traitor to the State,
And ſuffer as an enemie to *England*.
Mother, we leaue you here beyond the ſeas,
As Regent of our Prouinces in *Fraunce*,

While we to *England* take a ſpeedie courſe,
And thanke our God that gaue vs victorie.
Hubert de Burgh take *Arthur* here to thee,
Be he thy priſoner: *Hubert* keepe him ſafe,
For on his life doth hang thy Soueraignes crowne,
But in his death conſiſts thy Soueraignes bliſſe:
Then *Hubert*, as thou ſhortly hearſt from me,
So vſe the priſoner I haue giuen in charge.

Hubert Frolick yong Prince, though I your keeper bee,
Yet ſhall your keeper liue at your commaund.

Arthur As pleaſe my God, ſo ſhall become of me.

Q. Elianor My Sonne to *England*, I will see thee ſhipt,
And pray to God to ſend thee ſafe aſhore.

Baſtard Now warres are done, I long to be at home
To dine into the Monkes and Abbots bags,
To make ſome ſport among the ſmooth ſkin Nunnes,
And keepe ſome reuell with the ſanzen Friers.

Iohn To *England* Lords, each looke vnto your charge,
And arme yourſelues againſt the Romane pride. Exeunt.

Enter the K. of *Fraunce*, *Lewis* his ſonne, Cardinall *Pandolph* Legate, and *Conſtance*.

Philip What euery man attacht with this miſhap?
Why frowne you ſo, why droop ye Lords of *Fraunce*?
Me thinkes it differs from a warlike minde
To lowre it for a checke or two of chaunce.
Had *Lymoges* eſcapt the baſtards ſpight,
A little ſorrow might haue ſerude our loſſe.
Braue *Auſtria*, heauen hopes to haue thee there.

Card. His ſowle is ſafe and free from Purgatorie,
Our holy Father hath diſpenſt his ſinnes,
The bleſſed Saints haue heard our oriſons,
And all are Mediators for his ſoule,
And in the right of theſe moſt holy warres,
His holines free pardon doth pronounce

To

To all that follow you gainſt Engliſh heretiques,
Who ſtand accurſed in our mother Church.

Enter *Conſtance* alone.

Philip To aggrauate the meaſure of our griefe,
All malcontent comes *Conſtance* for her Sonne.
Be briefe good Madame, for your face imports
A tragick tale behinde thats yet vntolde.
Her paſſions ſtop the organ of her voyce,
Deepe ſorrow throbbeth miſbefalne euents,
Out with it Ladie, that our Act may end
A full Cataſtrophe of ſad laments.
Conſt. My tongue is tunde to ſtorie forth miſhap:
When did I breath to tell a pleaſing tale?
Muſt *Conſtance* ſpeake? let teares preuent her talke:
Muſt I diſcourſe? let *Dido* ſigh and ſay,
She weepes againe to heare the wrack of *Troy*:
Two words will ſerue, and then my tale is done:
Elnors proud brat hath robd me of my Sonne.
Lewes Haue patience Madame, this is chaunce of warre:
He may be ranſomde, we reuenge his wrong.
Conſtance Neither ſo ſoone, I ſhall not liue ſo long.
Philip Deſpaire not yet, come *Conſtance*, goe with me,
Theſe clowdes will fleet, the day will cleare againe. Exeunt.
Card. Now *Lewes*, thy fortune buds with happie ſpring,
Our holy Fathers prayers effecteth this.
Arthur is ſafe, let *Iohn* alone with him,
Thy title next is fairſt to *Englands* Crowne:
Now ſtirre thy Father to begin with *Iohn*,
The Pope ſayes I, and ſo is *Albion* thine.
Lewes Thankes my Lord Legate for your good conceipt,
Tis beſt we follow now the game is faire,
My Father wants to worke him your good words.
Card. A few will ſerue to forward him in this.
Thoſe ſhal not want: but leſs about it then. Exeunt.

Enter

Enter *Philip* leading a Frier, charging him to ſhow where the Abbots golde lay.

Philip Come on you fat Franciſcans, dallie no longer, but ſhew me where the Abbots treaſure lyes, or die.

Frier *Benedicamus Domini*, was euer ſuch an iniurie.
Sweete S. *Withold* of thy lenitie, defend vs from extremitie,
And heare vs for S. Charitie, oppreſſed with auſteritie.
In nomini Domini, make I my homilie,
Gentle Gentilitie griene not the Cleargie.

Philip Grey gowne good face, coniure ye,
ne truſt me for a groate,
If this waſte girdle hang thee not
that girdeth in thy coate.
How balde and barefoote *Bungie* birds
when vp the gallowes climing,
Say *Philip* he had words inough
to put you downe with ryming.

Frier A pardon, *O parce*, Saint *Fraunces* for mercie,
Shall ſhield thee from nightſpells and dreaming of diuells,
If thou wilt forgiue me, and neuer more grieue me,
With faſting and praying, and *Haile Marie* ſaying.
From black Purgatorie a penance right ſorie.
Frier *Thomas* will warme you,
It ſhall neuer harme you.

Philip Come leaue off your rabble,
Sirs hang vp this lozell.

2. Frier For charitie I beg his life,
Saint *Frauncis* chiefeſt Frier,
The beſt in all our Couent Sir,
to keepe a Winters fier.
O ſtrangle not the good olde man,
my hoſtelle oldeſt gueſt,
And I will bring you by and by
vnto the Priors cheſt.

Philip

Philip I, ſaiſt thou ſo, & if thou wilt the frier is at libertie,
If not, as I am honeſt man, Ile hang you both for companie.
Frier. Come hether, this is the cheſt though ſimple to behold
That wanteth not a thouſand pound in ſiluer and in gold.
My ſelfe will warrant full ſo much, I know the Abbots ſtore,
Ile pawne my life there is no leſſe to haue what ere is more.
Philip I take thy word, the ouerplus vnto thy ſhare ſhall come,
But if there want of full ſo much, thy neck ſhall pay the ſum.
Breake vp the Cofer, Frier.
Frier Oh I am vndon, faire *Alice* the Nun
Hath tooke vp her reſt in the Abbots cheſt.
Sancte benedicite, pardon my ſimplicitie.
Fie *Alice*, confeſſion will not ſaue this tranſgreſſion.
Philip What haue wee here, a holy Nun? So kæpe mee God in health,
A ſmooth facte Nunne (for ought I knowe) is all the Abbots wealth.
Is this the Nonries chaſtitie? Beſhrewe me but I thinke
They goe as oft to Venery, as niggards to their drinke.
Why paltrey Frier and Pandar too, yee ſhameleſſe ſhauen crowne,
Is this the cheſt that held a hoord, at leaſt a thouſand pound?
And is the hoord a holy whore? Wel be the hangman nimble,
Hee'le take the paine to pape you home, and teach you to diſſemble.
Nunne O ſpare the Frier *Anthony*, a better neuer was
To ſing a Dirige ſolemnly, or read a morning Maſſe.
If money be the meanes of this, I know an ancient Nunne,
That hath a hoord this ſeuen yeares, did neuer ſæ the ſunne;
And that is yours, and what is ours, ſo fauour now be ſhown,
You ſhall commaund as commonly, as if it were your owne.
Frier Your honour excepted.
Nunne I *Thomas*, I meane ſo.
Philip From all ſaue from Friers.
Nunne Good Sir, doo not thinke ſo.

Philip I thinke and ſæ ſo: why how camſt thou here?

Frier To hide her from lay men.

Nunne Tis true ſir, for feare.

Philip For feare of the laytie: a pitifull dred
When a Nunne flies for ſuccour to a fat Friers bed.
But now for your ranſome my Cloyſter-bred Conney,
To the cheſt that you ſpeake of where lyes ſo much money.

Nunne Faire Sir, within this preſſe, of plate & money is
The valew of a thouſand markes, and other thing by gis.
Let vs alone, and take it all, tis yours Sir, now you know it.

Philip Come on ſir Frier, pick the locke, this geere booth cotton hanſome,
That couetouſnes ſo cunningly muſt pay ỳ letchers ranſom.
What is in the hoord?

Frier Frier *Laurence* my Lord, now holy water help vs,
Some witch, or ſome diuell is ſent to delude vs:
Haud credo Laurentius, that thou ſhouldſt be pend thus
In the preſſe of a Nun we are all vndon,
And brought to diſcredence if thou be Frier *Laureuce*,

Frier *Amor vincit omnia*, ſo *Cato* affirmeth,
And therefore a Frier whoſe fancie ſoone burneth:
Becauſe he is mortall and made of mould,
He omits what he ought, and doth more than he ſhould.

Philip How goes this geere? the Friers cheſt fild with a fauſen Nunne,
The Nunne again locks Frier vp, to keep him frō the Sun.
Belike the preſſe is purgatorie, or penance paſſing grieuous:
The Friers cheſt a hel for Nuns. How do theſe dolts deceiue
Is this the labour of their liues to fæde and liue at eaſe, (vs?
To reuell ſolaſciuouſly as often as they pleaſe.
Ile mend the fault or faultmy ayme, if I do miſſe amending,
Tis better burn ỳ cloiſters down than leaue thē for offending.
But holy you, to you I ſpeake, to you religious diuell,
Is this the preſſe that holdes the ſumme to quite you for your euill.

Nunne I crie *Peccaui*, *parce me*, good Sir I was beguild.

Frier

Frier Abſolue Sir for charitie ſhe would be reconcilde.
Phi. And ſo I ſhall, ſirs binde them faſt, this is their abſolutiõ,
Go hang them vp for hurting them, haſt them to execution.
Fr. Lawrence O tempus edax rerum,
Geue children bookes they teare them.
O vanitas vanitatis, in this waning *ætatis*,
At threeſcore welacere to goe to this geere,
To my conſcience a clog to dye like a dog.
Exaudi me Domine, ſiuis me parce
Dabo pecuniam, ſi habeo veniam
To goe and fetch it, I will diſpatch it,
Ahundred pound ſterling for my liues ſparing.
Enter *Peter* a Prophet, with people.
Peter Hoe, who is here, S. *Fraunces* be your ſpæd,
Come in my flock, and follow me, your fortunes I will reed
Come hether boy, goe get thee home, and clime not ouerhie:
For from aloft thy fortunes ſtands in hazard thou ſhalt die.
Boy God be with you *Peter*, I pray you come to our houſe a Sunday.
Peter My boy ſhow me thy hand, bleſſe thee my boy,
For in thy palme I ſee a many troubles are ybent to dwell,
But thou ſhalt ſcape them all and doo full well.
Boy I thanke you *Peter*, theres a cheeſe for your labor: my ſiſter prayes ye to come home, & tell her how many huſbands ſhe ſhall haue, and ſhee'l giue you a rib of bacon.
Peter My maſters, ſtay at the townes end for me, Ile come to you all anon: I muſt diſpatch ſome buſines with a Frier, and then Ile read your fortunes.
Philip How now, a Prophet? Sir prophet whence are ye?
Peter I am of the world and in the world, but liue not as others by the world: what I am I know, and what thou wilt be I know. If thou knoweſt me now be anſwered: if not, enquire no more what I am.
Phil. Sir, I know you will be a diſſembling knaue, that deludes the people with blinde prophecies: you are him I looke for, you ſhall away with me: bring away all the rabble.

and you Frier *Laurence* remember your raunſome a hundred pound, and a pardon for your ſelfe, and the reſt come on. Sir Prophet, you ſhall with me, to receiue a Prophets reward.

Exeunt.

Enter *Hubert de Burgh* with three men.

Hubert My maſters, I haue ſhewed you what warrant I haue for this attempt; I perceiue by your heauie countenances, you had rather be otherwiſe imployed, and for my owne part, I would the King had made choyce of ſome other executioner: onely this is my comfort, that a King commaunds, whoſe precepts neglected or omitted, threatneth torture for the default. Therefore in briefe, leaue me, and be readie to attend the aduenture: ſtay within that entry, and when you heare me crie, God ſaue the King, iſſue ſodainly forth, lay handes on *Arthur*, ſet him in this chayre, wherin (once faſt bound) leaue him with me to finiſh the reſt.

Attendants We goe, though loath. Exeunt.

Hubert My Lord, will it pleaſe your Honour to take the benefite of the faire euening?

Enter *Arthur* to *Hubert de Burgh*.

Arthur Gramercie *Hubert* for thy care of me,
In or to whom reſtraint is newly known,
The ioy of walking is ſmall benefit,
Yet will I take thy offer with ſmall thankes,
I would not loſe the pleaſure of the eye.
But tell me curteous keeper if you can,
How long the King will haue me tarrie heere.

Hubert I know not Prince, but as I geſſe not long.
God ſend you freedome, and God ſaue the King,

They iſſue forth.

Arthur Why how now ſirs, what may this outrage meane?

O helpe

O helpe me *Hubert*, gentle keeper helpe:
God ſend this ſodaine mutinous approach
Tend not to reaue a wretched guiltles life.
Hubert So ſirs, depart, and leaue the reſt for me.
Arthur Then *Arthur* yéld, death frowneth in thy face,
What meaneth this? Good *Hubert* plead the caſe.
Hubert Patience yong Lord, and liſten words of woe,
Harmfull and harſh, hells horror to be heard:
A diſmall tale fit for a furies tongue.
I faint to tell, déepe ſorrow is the ſound.
Arthur What, muſt I die?
Hubert No newes of death, but tidings of more haſe,
A wrathfull doome, and moſt vnluckie fate:
Deaths diſh were daintie at ſo fell a feaſt,
Be deafe, heare not, its hell to tell the reſt.
Arthur Alas thou wrongſt my youth with words of feare,
Tis hell, tis horror, not for one to heare:
What is it man if it muſt needes be don,
Act it, and end it, that the paine were gon.
Hubert I will not chaunt ſuch dolour with my tongue,
Yet muſt I act the outrage with my hand.
My heart my head, and all my powers beſide,
To aide the office haue at once denide.
Peruſe this letter, lines of treble woe,
Read ore my charge, and pardon when you know.

Hubert theſe are to commaund thee, as thou tendreſt our quiet in minde and the eſtate of our perſon, that preſently vpon the receipt of our commaund, thou put out the eyes of *Arthur Plantaginet*.

Arthur Ah monſtrous damned man, his very breath infects the elements,
Contagious venyme dwelleth in his heart,
Effecting meanes to poyſon all the world.
Unreuerent may I be to blame the heauens

Of great iniuſtice, that the miſcreant
Liues to oppreſſe the innocents with wrong.
Ah *Hubert*, makes he thee his inſtrument
To ſound the trompe that cauſeth hell triumph?
Heauen weepes, the Saints doo ſhed celeſtiall teares,
They feare thy fall, and eyte thee with remorſe,
They knock thy conſcience, mouing pitie there,
Willing to fence thee from the rage of hell:
Hell *Hubert*, truſt me all the plagues of hell
Hangs on pet formance of this damned deede.
This ſeale, the warrant of the bodies bliſſe,
Enſureth Satan chieftaine of thy ſoule:
Subſcribe not *Hubert*, giue not Gods part away.
I ſpeake not onely for eyes priuiledge,
The chiefe exterior that I would enioy:
But for thy perill, farre beyond my paine,
Thy ſweete ſoules loſſe, more than my eyes vaine lack;
A cauſe internall, and eternall too.
Adviſe thee *Hubert*, for the caſe is hard,
To looſe ſaluation for a Kings reward.

Hubert My Lord, a ſubiect dwelling in the land
Is tyed to execute the Kings commaund.

Arthur. Yet God commands, whoſe power reacheth further,
That no commaund ſhould ſtand in force to murther.

Hubert But that ſame Eſſence hath ordaind a law,
A death for guilt, to keepe the world in awe.

Arthur I plead not guiltie, treaſonles and free.

Hubert But that appeale my Lord concernes not me.

Arthur Why, thou art he that maiſt omit the perill.

Hubert I, if my Soueraigne would remit his quarrell.

Arthur His quarrell is vnhallowed falſe and wrong.

Hubert Then be the blame to whom it doth belong.

Arthur Why thats to thee if thou as they proceede,
Conclude their iudgement with ſo vile a deede.

Hubert Why then no execution can be lawfull,
If Iuages domes muſt be reputed doubtfull.

Arthur

Arthur Yes where in forme of Lawe in place and time,
The offender is convicted of the crime.
Hubert My Lord, my Lord, this long expostulation,
Heapes vp more griefe, than promise of redresse;
For this I know, and so resolude I end,
That subiects liues on Kings commaunds depend.
I must not reason why he is your foe,
But doo his charge since he commaunds it so.
Arthur Then doo thy charge, and charged be thy soule
With wrongfull persecution done this day.
You rowling eyes, whose superficies yet
I doo behold with eyes that Nature lent:
Send foorth the terror of your Mooners frowne,
To wreake my wrong vpon the murtherers
That rob me of your faire reflecting view:
Let hell to them (as earth they wish to mée)
Be darke and direfull guerdon for their guylt,
And let the black tormenters of deepe *Tartary*
Vphraide them with this damned enterprise,
Inflicting change of tortures on their soules.
Delay not *Hubert*, my orisons are ended,
Begin I pray thée, reaue me of my sight:
But to performe a tragedie indéede,
Conclude the period with a mortall stab.
Constance farewell, tormentor come away,
Make my dispatch the Tirants feasting day.
Hubert I faint, I feare, my conscience bids desist:
Faint did I say, feare was it that I named?
My King commaunds, that warrant sets me frée:
But God forbids, and he commaundeth Kings,
That great Commaunder counterchecks my charge,
He stayes my hand, he maketh soft my heart,
Goe cursed tooles, your office is exempt,
Cheere thée yong Lord, thou shalt not loose an eye,
Though I should purchase it with losse of life,
Ile to the King, and say his will is done,

And

And of the langor tell him thou art dead,
Goe in with me, for *Hubert* was not borne
To blinde thoſe lampes that Nature pollicht ſo,
Arthur Hubert, if euer *Arthur* be in ſtate,
Looke for amends of this receiued gift
I tooke my eyſight by thy curteſie,
Thou lentſt them me, I will not be ingrate.
But now procraſtination may offend
The iſſue that thy kindnes vndertakes:
Depart we *Hubert* to preuent the worſt. Exeunt.

Enter King Iohn, Eſſex, Salisbury, Penbrooke.

Iohn Now warlike followers reſteth ought vndon
That may impeach vs of fond ouerſight?
The French haue felt the temper of our ſwords,
Cold terror keepes poſſeſſion in their ſowles,
Checking their ouerdaring arrogance
For buckling with ſo great an ouermatch.
The Arche proud titled Priеſt of *Italy*,
That calles himſelfe grand Viccar vnder God
Is buſied now with trentall obſequies,
Maſſe and months minde, dirge and I know not what
To eaſe their ſowles in painefull purgatory,
That haue miſcarried in theſe bloudy warres.
Heard you not Lords when firſt his holines
Had tidings of our ſmall account of him,
How with a taunt vaunting vpon his toes
He vrge a reaſon why the Engliſh Aſſe
Diſdaingd the bleſſed ordinance of *Rome*?
The title (reuerently might I inferre)
Became the Kings that earſt haue borne the load,
The ſlauiſh weight of that controlling Priеſt:
Who at his pleaſure temperd them like waxe
To carrie armes on danger of his curſe,
Banding their ſowles with warrants of his hand.
I grieue to thinke how Kings in ages paſt

(Simplie

(Simply deuoted to the Sea of *Rome*)
Haue run into a thouſand acts of ſhame.
But now for confirmation of our State,
Sith we haue proyned the more than needfull braunch
That did oppreſſe the true wel-growing ſtock,
It reſteth we throughout our Territories
Be reproclaimed and inueſted King.

Pembrook. My Liege, that were to buſie men with doubts,
Once were you crowned, proclaimd, and with applauſe
Your Citie ſtreetes haue ecchoed to the eare,
God ſaue the King, God ſaue our Soueraigne *Iohn*.
Pardon my feare, my cenſure doth infer
Your Highnes not depoſde from Regall State,
Would breed a mutinie in peoples mindes,
What it ſhould meane to haue you crownd againe.

Iohn. *Pembrooke* performe what I haue bid thee doo,
Thou knowſt not what induceth me to this.
Eſſex goe in, and Lordings all be gon
About this taſke, I will be crownd anon.

Enter the Baſtard.

Philip, what newes, how do the Abbots cheeks?
Are Friers fatter than the Nunnes are faire?
What cheere with Churchmen, had they golde or no?
Tell me how hath thy office tooke effect?

Philip. My Lord, I haue performd your Highnes charge:
The eaſe bred Abbots and the bare foote Friers,
The Monkes the Priors and holy cloyſtred Nunnes,
Are all in health, and were my Lord in wealth,
Till I had typhde and tolde their holy hoords.
I doubt not when your Highnes ſees my prize,
You may proportion all their former pride.

Iohn. Why ſo, now ſorts it *Philip* as it ſhould:
This ſmall intruſion into Abbey trunkes,
Will make the Popelings excommunicate,

Curſe, ban, and breath out damned oriſons,
As thick as haileſtones fore the ſprings approach:
But yet as harmles and without effect,
As is the eccho of a Cannons crack
Diſchargd againſt the battlements of heauen.
But what newes els befell there *Philip?*

Baſtard Strange newes my Lord: within your territories
Nere *Pomfret* is a Prophet new ſprong vp,
Whoſe diuination volleys wonders forth;
To him the Commons throng with Countrey gifts,
He ſets a date vnto the Beldames death,
Preſcribes how long the Virgins ſtate ſhall laſt,
Diſtinguiſheth the mouing of the heauens,
Giues limits vnto holy nuptiall rytes,
Foretelleth famine, aboundeth plentie forth,
Of fate, of fortune, life and death he chats,
With ſuch aſſurance, ſcruples put apart,
As if he knew the certaine domes of heauen,
Or kept a Regiſter of all the Deſtinies.

Iohn Thou telſt me merualles, would thou hadſt brought the man,
We might haue queſtiond him of things to come.

Baſtard My Lord, I tooke a care of had I wiſt,
And brought the Prophet with me to the Court,
He ſtayes my Lord but at the Preſence doore:
Pleaſeth your Highnes, I will call him in.

Iohn May ſtay awhile, we'l haue him here anon,
A thing of weight is firſt to be perform'd.

Enter the Nobles and crowne King *Iohn*, and then crie God ſaue the King.

Iohn Lordings and friends ſupporters of our ſtate,
Admire not at this vnaccuſtomd courſe,
Nor in your thoughts blame not this deede of yours.
Once ere this time was I inueſted King,
Your fealtie ſworne as Liegmen to our ſtate:

Once

Once ſince that time ambicious weedes haue ſpring
To ſtaine the beautie of our garden plot:
But heauens in our conduct rooting thence
The falſe intruders, breakers of worlds peace,
Haue to our ioy, made Sunſhine chaſe the ſtorme.
After the which, to try your conſtancie,
That now I ſee is worthie of your names,
We craude once more your helps for to inueſt vs
Into the right that enuie ſought to wrack.
Once was I not depoſde, your former choyce;
Now twice bin crowned and applauded King:
Your cheered action to inſtall me ſo,
Inkers aſſured witnes of your loues,
And binds me ouer in a Kingly care
To render loue with loue, rewards of worth
To ballance downe requitall to the full.
But thankes the while, thankes Lordings to you all:
Aſke me and vſe me, try me and finde me yours.

Eſſex A boon my Lord, at vauntage of your words
We aſke to guerdon all our loyalties.

Pembrooke We take the time your Highnes bids vs aſke:
Pleaſe it you graunt, you make your promiſe good,
With leſſer loſſe than one ſuperfluous haire
That not remembred falleth from your head.

Iohn My words is paſt, receiue your bone my Lords.
What may it be? Aſke it, and it is yours.

Eſſex We craue my Lord, to pleaſe the Commons with
The libertie of Ladie *Conſtance* Sonne:
Whoſe durance darkeneth your Highnes right,
As if you kept him priſoner, to the end
Your ſelfe were doubtfull of the thing you haue.
Diſmiſſe him thence, your Highnes needes not feare,
Twice by conſent you are proclaimd our King.

Pembrooke This if you graunt, were all vnto your good:
For ſimple people muſe you keepe him cloſe.

Iohn Your words haue ſearcht the center of my thoughts,

Confirming warrant of your loyalties,
Diſmiſſe your counſell, ſway my ſtate,
Let *Iohn* doo nothing but by your conſents.
Why how now *Philip*, what extaſie is this?
Why caſts thou vp thy eyes to heauen ſo?

There the fiue Moones appeare.

Baſtard See, ſee my Lord ſtrange apparitions.
Glauncing mine eye to ſee the Diadem
Plaete by the Biſhops on your Highnes head,
From foorth a gloomie cloude, which curtaine like
Diſplaide it ſelfe, I ſodainly eſpied
Fiue Moones reflecting, as you ſée them now:
Euen in the moment that the Crowne was plaete
Gan they appeare, holding the courſe you ſee.
Iohn What might portend theſe apparitions,
Unuſuall ſignes, forerunners of euent,
Preſagers of ſtrange terror to the world:
Beleeue me Lords the obiect feares me much.
Philip thou toldſt me of me of Wizzard late,
Fetch in the man to deſcant of this ſhow.
Pembrooke The heauens frowne vpon the ſinfull earth,
When with prodigious vnaccuſtomd ſignes
They ſpot their ſuperficies with ſuch wonder.
Eſſex Before the ruines of *Ieruſalem*,
Such Meteors were the Enſignes of his wrath
That haſtned to deſtroy the faultfull Towne.

Enter the Baſtard with the Prophet.

Iohn Is this the man?
Baſtard It is my Lord.
Iohn Prophet of *Pomfret*, for ſo I heare thou art,
That calculateſt of many things to come:
Who by a power repleate with heauenly gift

Canſt

Canſt blab the counſell of thy Makers will.
If fame be true, or truth be wrongs by thee,
Decide in cyphering what theſe fiue Moones
Portend this Clyme, if they preſage at all.
Breath out thy gift, and if I liue to ſee
Thy diuination take a true effect,
Ile honour thee aboue all earthly men.

Peter The Skie wherein theſe Moones haue reſidence,
Preſenteth *Rome* the great *Metropolis*,
Where ſits the Pope in all his holy pompe.
Fowre of the Moones preſent fowre Prouinces,
To wit, *Spaine*, *Denmarke*, *Germanie*, and *Fraunce*,
That beare the yoke of proud commaunding *Rome*,
And ſtand in feare to tempt the Prelates curſe.
The ſmalleſt Moone that whirles about the reſt,
Impatient of the place he holds with them,
Doth figure forth this Iland *Albion*,
Who gins to ſcorne the Sea and State of *Rome*,
And ſeeks to ſhun the Edicts of the Pope:
This ſhowes the heauen, and this I doo auerre
Is figured in theſe apparitions.

Iohn Why then it ſeemes the heauens ſmile on vs,
Giuing applauſe for leauing of the Pope.
But for they chaunce in our Meridian,
Doo they effect no priuate growing ill
To be inflicted on vs in this Clyme?

Peter The Moones effect no more than what I ſaid:
But on ſome other knowledge that I haue
By my preſcience, ere Aſcenſion day
Haue brought the Sunne vnto his vſuall height,
Of Crowne, Eſtate, and Royall dignitie,
Thou ſhalt be cleane diſpoyld and diſpoſſeſt.

Iohn Falſe Dreamer, periſh with thy witched newes,
Villaine thou woundſt me with thy fallacies:
If it be true, dye for thy tidings price;
If falſe, for fearing me with vaine ſuppoſe:

Hence with the Witch, hells damned ſecretarie.
Lock him vp ſure: for by my faith I ſweare,
True or not true, the Wizzard ſhall not liue.
Before Aſcenſion day: who ſhould be cauſe hereof?
Cut off the cauſe and then the effect will dye.
Tut, tut, my mercie ſerues to maime my ſelfe,
The rote doth liue, from whence theſe thornes ſpring vp,
I and my promiſe paſt for his deliury:
Frowne friends, faile faith, the diuell goe withall,
The brat ſhall dye, that terrifies me thus.
Pembrooke and *Eſſex* I recall my graunt,
I will not buy your fauours with my feare:
Nay murmur not, my will is law enough,
I loue you well, but if I loude you better,
I would not buy it with my diſcontent.

Enter *Hubert*.

How now, what newes with thee.

Hubert According to your Highnes ſtrickt commaund
Yong *Arthurs* eyes are blinded and extinct.

Iohn Why ſo, then he may feele the crowne, but neuer ſée it.

Hubert Nor ſee nor féele, for of the extreame paine,
Within one hower gaue he vp the Ghoſt.

Iohn What is he dead?

Hubert He is my Lord.

Iohn Then with him dye my cares.

Eſſex Now ioy betide thy ſoule.

Pembrooke And heauens reuenge thy death.

Eſſex What haue you done my Lord? Was euer heard
A deede of more inhumane conſequence?
Your foes will curſe, your friends will crie reuenge.
Unkindly rage more rough than Northern winde,
To chip the beautie of ſo ſweete a flower.
What hope in vs for mercie on a fault,
When kinſman dyes without impeach of cauſe,
As you haue done, ſo come to chéere you with,
The guilt ſhall neuer be caſt me in my teeth. Exeunt.

Iohn

Iohn And are you gone? The diuell be your guide:
Proud Rebels as you are to haue me so:
Saucie, vnciuill, checkers of my will.
Your tongues giue edge vnto the fatall knife:
That shall haue passage through your traitrous throats.
But hush, breath not buggs words to soone abroad,
Least time preuent the issue of thy reach.
Arthur is dead, I there the corzie growes:
But while he liude, the danger was the more;
His death hath freed me from a thousand feares,
But it hath purchast me ten times ten thousand foes.
Why all is one, such luck shall haunt his game,
To whome the diuell owes an open shame:
His life a foe that leueld at my crowne,
His death a frame to pull my building downe.
My thoughts harpt still on quiet by his end,
Who liuing aymed shrowdly at my roome:
But to preuent that plea twice was I crownd,
Twice did my subiects sweare me fealtie,
And in my conscience loude me as their liege,
In whose defence they would haue pawnd their liues.
But now they shun me as a Serpents sting,
A tragick Tyrant sterne and pitiles,
And not a title followes after *Iohn*.
But Butcher, bloudsucker and murtherer,
What Planet gouernde my natiuitie,
To bode me soueraigne types of high estate,
So interlacte with hellish discontent,
Wherein fell furie hath no interest.
Curst be the Crowne chiefe author of my care,
Nay curst my will that made the Crowne my care:
Curst be my birthday, curst ten times the wombe
That peelded me aliue into the world.
Art thou there villaine, Furies haunt thee still,
For killing him whom all the world laments.

Hubert

Hubert Why heres my Lord your Highnes hand & ſeale,
Charging on liues regard to doo the deede.
Iohn Ah dull conceipted peazant knowſt thou not,
It was a damned execrable deede:
Showſt me a ſeale? Oh villaine, both our ſoules
Haue ſolde their freedome to the thrall of hell,
Under the warrant of that curſed ſeale.
Hence villaine, hang thy ſelfe, and ſay in hell
That I am comming for a kingdome there.
Hubert My Lord attend the happie tale I tell,
For heauens health ſend Sathan packing hence
That inſtigates your Highnes to deſpaire,
If *Arthurs* death be diſmall to be heard,
Bandie the newes for rumors of vntruth:
He liues my Lord, the ſweeteſt youth aliue,
In health, with eyſight, not a haire amiſſe.
This hart tooke vigor from this forward hand,
Making it weake to execute your charge.
Iohn What liues he? Then ſweete hope come home agen,
Chaſe hence deſpaire, the purueyer for hell.
Hye *Hubert*, tell theſe tidings to my Lords
That throb in paſſions for yong *Arthurs* death:
Hence *Hubert*, ſtay not till thou haſt reueald
The wiſhed newes of *Arthurs* happy health.
I goe my ſelfe, the ioyfulſt man aliue
To ſtorie out this new ſuppoſed crime. Exeunt.

The ende of the firſt part.

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